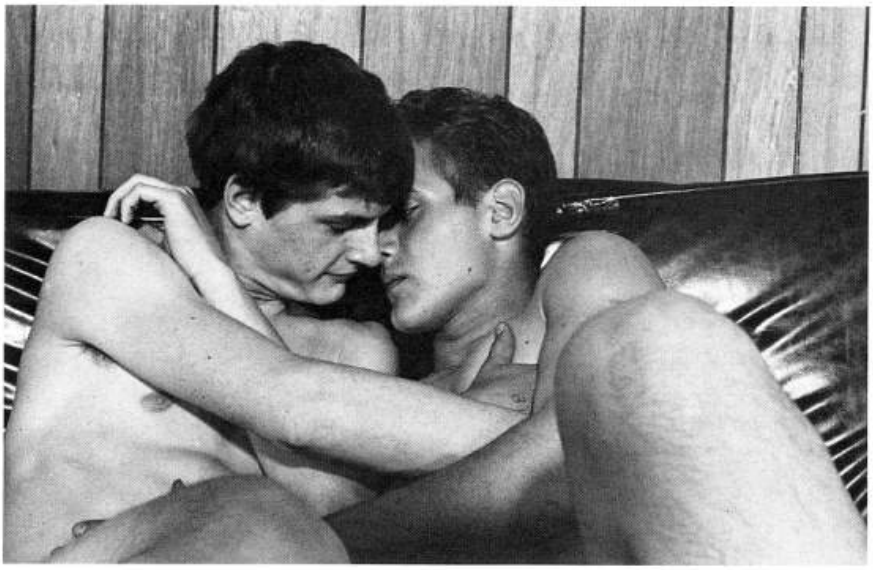
WATER BED
WATER BEDS COMPANY



Bob lived in a rather large city and stayed so busy he would have loved sex earlier, but who had the time, what with school and athletics and all?

During the summer months he stayed with his aunt, uncle and cousin Dave in a small rural town. It was during one of these summer vacations that Bob's maleness first lifted its beautiful head.

Since his cousin Dave was a little older and had his own friends, Bob was in the habit of taking long walks in the fields and the woods enjoying the miracles of nature. He was always fascinated by the various plants and mosses and the small animals that inhabited the area.

One particular day during one of his excursions he suddenly had an urge to get as close to nature as he could, to become part of it, to share himself with it. Since it was a beautiful, hot, clear day, Bob decided to strip off his short pants, undershorts and tee shirt and bound through the wooded area nude.

The naked young lad must have presented a beautiful sight as he tripped through the woods, his smooth, white body contrasting with the foliage. As he skipped on, deeper into the woods he happened across a clear, rippling creek that moved quickly among the trees and rocks. He immediately dropped his bundle of clothing and then cautiously stepped into the cold, sparkling water.

It was an exhilerating experience to splash and run through the bubbling water, and as he became adapted to tne coldness he sat down and finally rolled and squirmed in the stream's coolness.

Then Bob came up with a great plan. Let's switch off pretending first one, and then the other, is a broad. That way we'll both have sexual satisfaction and fulfillment and neither of us will have any guilt feelings later. Sounded good to me. Truth of the matter is, by this time I was so hot I would not have cared if somebody saw me and called me a queen.

Hell, we're all human ––first and sexual second, ain't we? I mean, I learned in school about everybody being made up of male and female. So fucking what, I thought to myself as I slipped my shoes off and skinned back my socks.

Bob was already half undressed and his rod looked even bigger than it had through his jeans. This was the moment I had fantasized about so many nights lying in my bunk at the barracks. I knew all the guys jacked off a lot and I always was wondering why they didn't do it together. Hell that ain't queer. I remembered when I was about six or seven, the neighbor boy and I used to play around and there wasn't anything wrong with it. Anyway, we didn't get caught –– thank heaven.

My bed partner stood totally nude before me and his thin body reminded me of a broad I'd known in basic. His tool was huge––at least it looked above average . I reached out and cupped it in my hands and he threw back his head as I began to massage.

Bob then spun around and took my hard rod in his hands. Man oh man what he couldn't do with his hands. I nearly shot straight away so I pulled away for a second.

Bob was not particularly good looking, but somehow his body was so smooth and clean, it was very easy for me to imagine him as my girl friend.

I could tell he was digging the scene too as he moved his finger under my testicles and began to gently fondle my balls.

Bob then asked me if I would like to try fucking him. Would I? Roll over, I replied. The hotter I got, the better it all felt and then I got the strange feeling that I too was built to take anything––even Bob's tremendous tool.

Built to take it...anywhere!

A little grease and my rod slipped right in, although it was tighter than any broad I'd ever had. The anus muscles tightened and Bob gave out with a gentle groan. This excited me even more. I always did dig it when my broad talks to me when I am putting it to her.

"More, more," he begged. I obliged.

I pumped for three or four minutes, then I relaxed and slowly pulled it out and then shoved it in again. Bob wiggled and when he did, his asshole twitched.

Man, you really know how to turn a dude upside down, don't you? he asked.

"Fucking is fucking," I replied.

At last I could hold it no more and I filled him with my warm and naturally organic load. He groaned. I tried to imagine how it felt for him and I knew that it was good. I would be next.

After we cleaned up Bob slowly turned me around and then he pushed his body next to mine. He massaged himself with K-Y and then he went to bat for a homer.

I was ready for anything, yet I didn't understand how I would be able to take all Bob had to offer. I decided to relax and make the best of the situation I had so often day-dreamed about.

I fell back into his body and he gently but firmly pushed ahead so that I was almost taking half of what he had to offer.

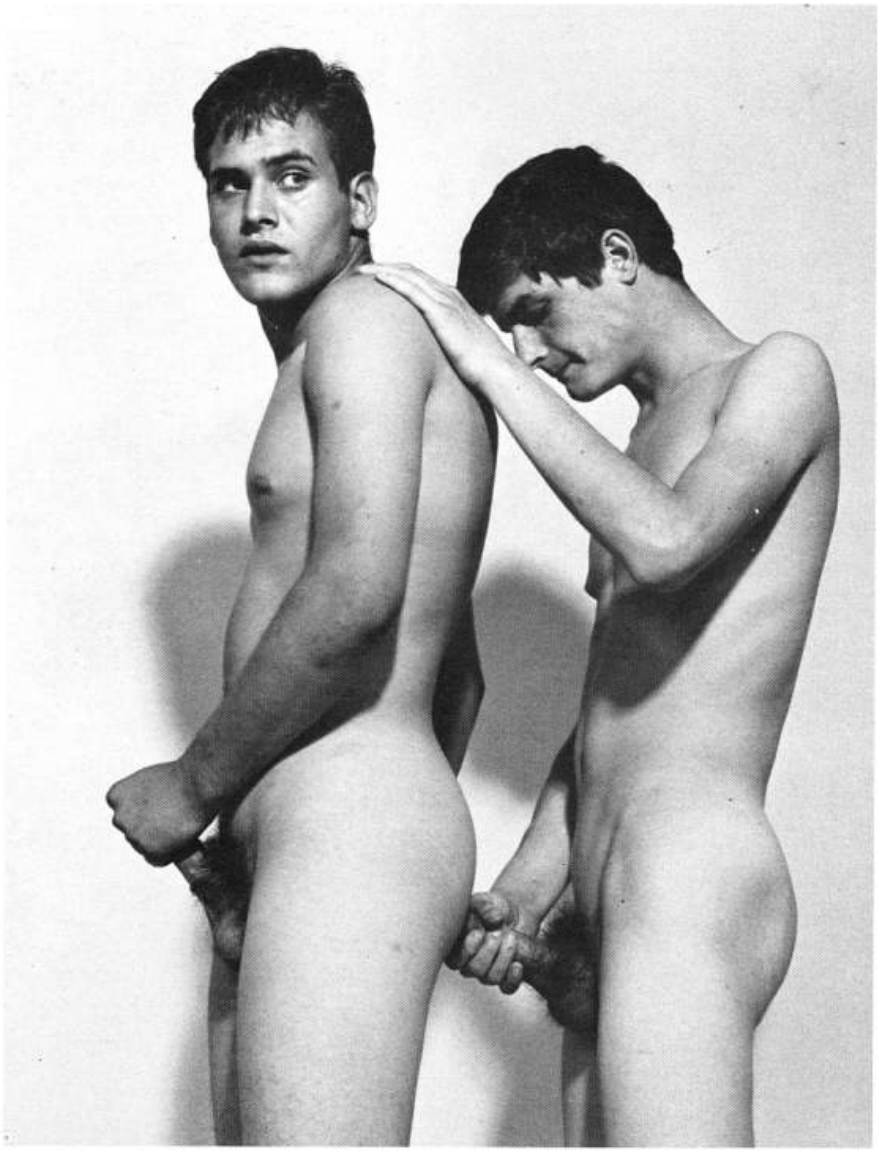
"Go easy——It's my first time," I told him. I know he must not have believed me but it's the truth.

one of a kind

Bob pulled out, saying it was so good, he had to make it last. He then, told me some of the things he had read about homos and the gay world.

According to his friend, who was a college professor of sexology these were some of the things we should have known a long time ago.

The belief that this common sexual deviation, homosexuality, is an inherited constitutional abnomality is affirmed by many; but evidence for this is so far unconvincing. The present state of our knowledge is that, while there may be some congenital predisposition to develop homosexuality, the genetic basis for this is uncertain; and there is certainly no reason to suppose that homosexuality is determined by a specific gene as in the case of familial diseases like Huntington's Chorea.



It has recently been demonstrated that male homosexuals tend to be born of elderly mothers, and to arrive later in the family than their brothers and sisters. This has been taken to indicate that a chromosomal abnormality may be responsible for their deviation, since it is known that such abnormalities are more frequently found in the offspring of elderly mothers. However, the facts are also susceptible of a purely psychological explanation. Since the late arrivals in a family often mature more slowly than the elder children, and the relation between a youngest son and an aging mother is sometimes one of partiu
particular emotional intensity.

Whether genetic factors play a part, there is a great deal to suggest that the male homosexual is made, not born; and that his sexual preference in adult life is determined by the emotional influences to which he has been exposed in early life.

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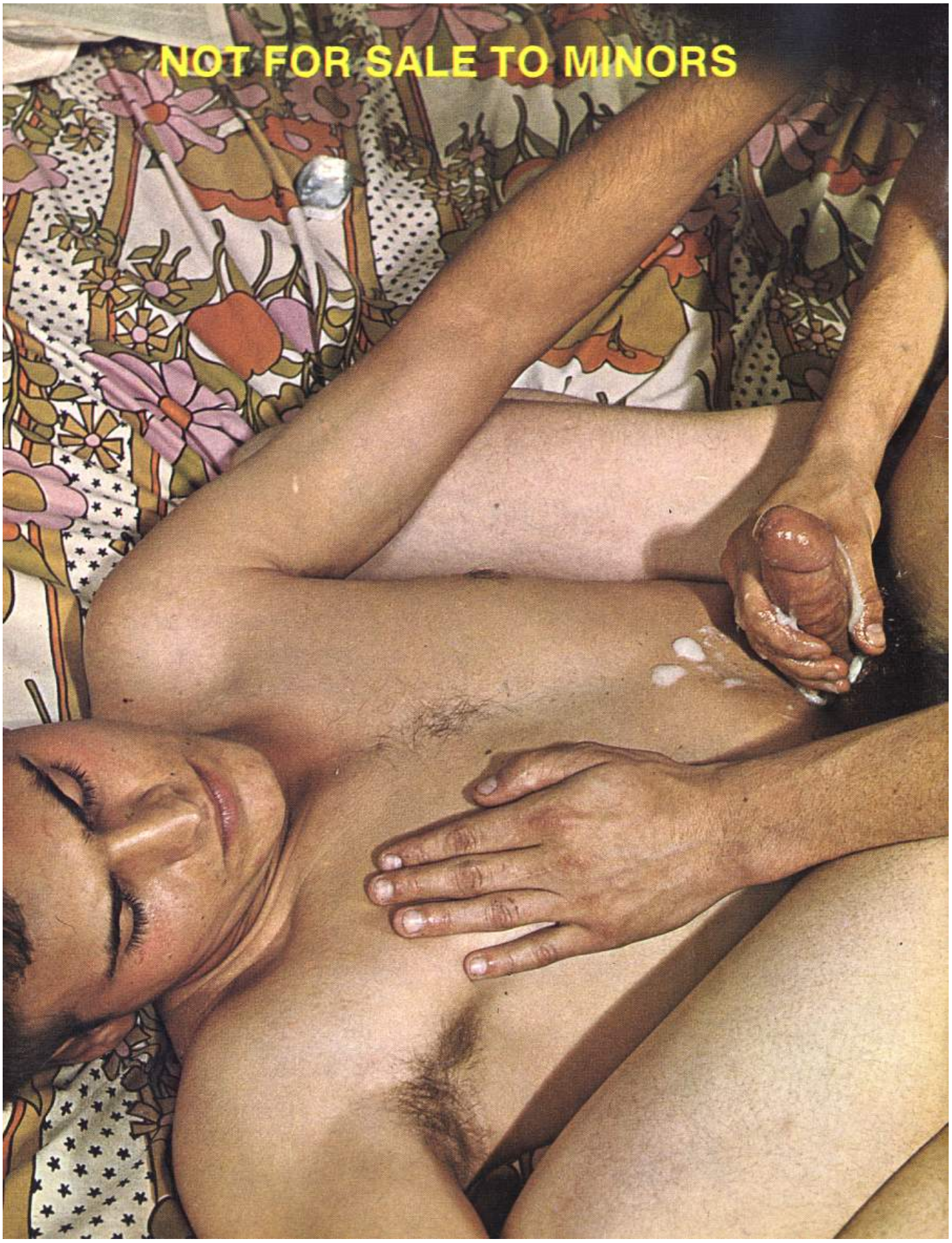
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